

THE
LADIES'
WEEKLY MUSEUM,
OR
POLITE REPOSITORY
OF
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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NO. 15.

ST. AUBIN;
Or, WOMAN VINDICATED.

A Narrative, from the French.
(Continued.)

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LETTER IV.

June 5.

I WAS mistaken in thinking my Josephine the daughter of Alice; she is of noble family; her mother died in giving her birth; and an affair of honor drove her father from his native country, when Josephine was but five years old—Since that time he has not been heard of; perhaps he is no more. Alice has been careful of her charge, and Josephine treats her good nurse with the same respect and tenderness she would a mother; and to me it makes no difference—I have done with the world, and can here subsist comfortably upon the small remnant of property which I possess. I have told Josephine who and what I am—I even ventured to tell her how my too improvident father lost all at the gaming table. There appears to be a similarity in our fate, which draws us more closely towards each other. I am her tutor, her friend, her lover.

I have this instant received the letter you forwarded to me. Oh! how happy I am to hear of my father's return, I fly to meet him; all his errors

vanish from my remembrance. What have I to fear, I will show my lovely Josephine to him; he will bless our union, and we will all live together in virtuous poverty. Josephine is sad at the thought of this necessary separation; what but a father could tempt me to leave her? Yours, ST. AUBIN.

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LETTER V.

Paris, August 30.

AH, my friend, the cup of felicity is dashed from my lips; how vain are the hopes and wishes of man. At the moment when I was filled with joy, in the prospect of embracing a beloved parent, the hand of death snatched him from me for ever. I arrived not even in time to receive his blessing so sudden was the summons which called him to eternity. This sad event will necessarily delay my return to Josephine. I have much to do, but am capable of very little; write to me Montalembert, your letters will afford me comfort, your counsel teach me resignation.—Write immediately to your afflicted

ST. AUBIN.

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LETTER VI.

February 24.

WELL might you think I had ceased to exist. I am as one risen from the dead; I have endured the horrors of a prison, the anguish of despair. After

having written my last letter to you, I began to make preparations for my departure; I visited the grave of my father, and bedewed it with my tears; scarcely had I thrown myself on the bed, to steal a few hours repose, previous to my intended journey, when I heard the door of my apartment open. I started up, somewhat alarmed, and by the light of the moon beheld three men enter: one of them approached the bed where I lay, and commanded me to rise, at the same time declaring himself to be an exempt, bearing an order from the king to arrest me. Surprised at such a declaration, I grasped at my sword, which lay on a chair by the bedside, and endeavored to defend myself, but was soon overpowered by the myrmidons of power, who, after securing my hands and feet, bore me down stairs, and placed me in a coach, which soon conveyed me to the state prison. It was in vain that I endeavored to draw from my inflexible guards the cause of my detention; I declared my innocence of any crime against the state, and only received for answer, that I should be judged by proofs, and not by assertions.

Immured in a solitary dungeon, the agony I endured exceeded all bounds; I refused the nourishment offered me, and vehemently insisted upon being brought to examination. In short, my friend, not to distress you with a recital of my sufferings, I was seized with a fever and delirium, which for some weeks baffled the skill of the medical men who were called to attend me; it is true, I was taken all possible care of, and have no other cause of complaint than an unjust imprisonment. As soon as I was deemed sufficiently recovered, I was led before the governor, who condescended to read my accusation; with him was a young gentleman, who, I perceived by his manner of speaking, possessed a post of importance in the state; he appeared to take an interest in my fate, and occasionally made such observations as convinced me that he was the friend of justice and humanity. But you, my

friend, may judge of my confusion and dismay, at finding myself accused of treason against the state, grounded upon the following circumstances:—

You know that my father had made the plan of fortification his principal study, and had suggested several improvements, which were approved and adopted by government; of these plans he had permitted me to take copies, by way of improving me in an art of which I was extremely fond, but which I, in the vanity of youth, carefully treasured up, instead of destroying, as he had always desired me to do. About three years ago a Prussian engineer chanced to reside a few weeks in our town, he took particular notice of me, and I was more than equally pleased to converse with him on military subjects. When he quitted the place, he wrote several polite letters, thanking me for past favours, which I answered with the same courtesy, and our correspondence ceased. What then was my astonishment, at beholding these letters in the hands of the governor, together with my manuscripts & sketches. The exclamation of surprise, which escaped me on recognizing them, served to confirm my guilt; the stranger regarded me with a look of compassion, and the governor, finding I did not deny that they belonged to me, would not listen to my assertions that I had never sent them to the person in question. I was remanded back to prison, from which I despaired of being ever liberated, except by an ignominious death.

Providence had, however, raised me up a powerful friend, in the gentleman I have already mentioned, and to his active benevolence may be ascribed the providential discovery which proved my innocence, and emancipated me from the horrors of imprisonment.—Baptiste, the servant who attended me, had a brother living at the hotel where the Prussian was staying, and whom he sometimes went to visit; one day, when he happened to assist him in arranging the traveller's chamber, he found on the table several plans of fortifications, which he seemed to regard

with curiosity. "You admire these," said the Prussian. "Yes, sir; but my young master has some capital ones, which he copied from his father's books, who has projected a number of excellent improvements."—"Indeed," returned the Prussian, "I should like to see them; perhaps you would have no objection to earn fifty Louis d'ors?"—"Certainly not, sir."—"Well, get me a view of these drawings."—"I will try."

The same day the traitor, while I was confined to my bed by indisposition, took them from my cabinet, pretending that my father was coming to look for some papers, and would discover that I had not destroyed them as he had desired; from that hour I never gave them a thought. The papers and effects of the Prussian falling under suspicion, were closely inspected, and among them were my letters and these unfortunate draughts, each of which had my signature. When recollection enabled me to tell how I had disposed of those papers, my zealous friend immediately suspected some treachery, and caused immediate search to be made for Baptiste, who had been discharged from our service at the time when our fortunes experienced such a cruel reverse. The young rogue was easily intimidated by threats, to disclose the whole, and a memorial was immediately drawn up, which tended fully to ascertain my innocence. I wait now only for an official order to be liberated. My generous benefactor has offered to supply me with cash; but I have no occasion to avail myself of his liberality; I am not, however, the less grateful.

Love and liberty, I now hail ye both, as within my reach; but ah! my Josephine; how has she supported this long absence, this unaccountable silence; perhaps she languishes in sorrow and despondency. I have written to her; it was my first care, but my impatience will not admit of my waiting here till her answer arrives. I must fly to her, my friend; what other tie have I now upon earth but her and you.

Evers yours faithfully,

ST. AUBIN.

LETTER VII.

May 17.

My fears were prophetic, Montalembert; again your poor friend is the sport of woman's caprice, once more do I abjure the sex. The first conflict was soon terminated, but this—ah, this will, I fear, bear hard upon me. My cheek glows with the scarlet blush of indignation; my hand trembles; a cold damp bedews my brow, while I write the hateful words, Josephine is faithless—Josephine has renounced St. Aubin.—After I had dispatched my last letter to you, I proceeded on my journey with all possible celerity, but the weak state I was in occasioned several delays, which my impatience could ill brook. I will not tire you with minute details of the petty incidents which retarded my progress; suffice it, three weeks elapsed ere I reached the cottage of Alice. How my heart bounded at sight of the well-known, loved habitation; it was evening; I tied my mule to the nearest tree, and crept softly towards the casement, where I had often sat with Josephine, gazing upon the chaste orb whose lucid beams silvered the glittering cascade which trickled from a rock within view. The sound of a flageolet now arrested my footsteps, it proceeded from the cottage; I started, paused, and a transient pang of jealousy shot athwart my bosom. "Some rustic lover, perhaps, thought I, and I advanced forward on tiptoe. Alas! neither Alice nor Josephine were to be seen. The musician, was no other than honest Claude, the goat-herd, and his only auditor was a tame kid, which rested at his feet. I no sooner pronounced his name than he started up, and rushed towards me with every demonstration of joy. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "our good Monsieur returned; this is felicity. How glad my mother, and my sisters will be to see you; I must run and bring them home." "But, Josephine," said I, "where is she?"—Heavens! what a change did this simple question produce on the features of the youth, he hung his head, and my blood ran cold, with the con-

viction of some misfortune having happened. I caught his arm—"she is not dead, Claude?"—"Oh, no," he replied, fixing his eyes upon me, with an expression of concern and feeling, which I shall never forget—"Dame Alice, died soon after you left us. Josephine, Madam Josephine, I mean, is a rich lady now, she lives in yonder chateau;" and he pointed it out to me. "How, how!" I exclaimed, with breathless impatience. "Sit down, Monsieur," said the honest fellow, "it is a long story, but I will tell you nothing but the truth." I seated myself mechanically, and Claude proceeded. "When you went away, Monsieur, poor Josephine took it sadly to heart; she pined, and looked so woe-begone that it made my heart ache to see her; then, to mend the matter, Dame Alice fell sick, and what with watching and fretting, Josephine, I thought, would never get over it. In the midst of all this trouble, Monsieur, she did not forget you, but frequently sent me to the town for letters or news; at last we heard of your being arrested, by order of the king, and every body said you was a lost man. In the midst of all this who should arrive but Monsieur Surcombe, a very fine gentleman, who I soon found was the real father of Josephine, for Alice, you must know, was her nurse. This, to be sure, afforded her some comfort; and when Alice died, he took her with him to a fine house, which he had hired in town."—"Is that all," cried I, in a rapture, "I shall soon clear myself to her father, and Josephine will not love me the less because she is now the richest."—"That I am sure she would not," replied Claude; "but you know, Monsieur, she must conform to her duty, and now she is married." "Married!" I repeated, wildly, "Josephine, my Josephine has not given her hand to another; you trifle with my feelings, Claude." "Indeed, Monsieur, it is too true. Her father introduced a fine, handsome, and rich gentleman to her, but she refused him once, twice, aye, I dare swear, ten times; indeed I do not think she would ever have consent-

ed, had not her father fallen dangerously ill, and when she thought him on his death-bed she could no longer refuse what he so much desired. And Josephine is now, Madame P——; she is happy too, I believe, for Monsieur is a most excellent man; he bought this cottage, and gave it to my mother; indeed he is always doing good; and Madame Josephine has recovered her good looks, and seems quite reconciled to her lot; and well she may, for every body says she ought to be happy with such a man."—"Torture me not," cried I, vehemently; and clasping my burning forehead with my hands, I rushed from the cottage, and ran with all possible speed down the steepest declivity: heedless of my footing, I slipped, and rolled down a frightful precipice. What became of me I know not: I am now in a comfortable room, and attended by hospitable strangers, who tell me that I was brought hither by a gentleman, bleeding and insensible. I write this by stealth, for all exertion is forbidden. I hear voices. Adieu for the present.

IN CONTINUATION.

May 30.

I HAVE strange things to tell you, my friend. Would you believe it; I am now under the same roof with Josephine, introduced by her too credulous husband; revenge is in my power, let him look to it; he robbed me of her once, now fate has turned the tables. Josephine is more beautiful than ever, I love her to distraction, and she is—but a woman.

I have not yet told you how this has come to pass; sometimes my senses are bewildered and I lose all method.—Judge of my surprise, when upon the entrance of the persons, whose approach had caused me to throw aside my pen, I recognized my generous deliverer, in the man who had so recently preserved me from the jaws of death; He extended his hand and congratulated me upon my recovery. "Now you are well you must go home with me, I live very near, and the journey will not fatigue you; nay, hesitate not, I have

tified these good people for their trouble in attending you, and I must now insist upon your becoming my guest. But, prithee, tell me what has brought you to this part of the world?" A short time before I should have gloried in declaring my love for Josephine, but now, mortified and humbled, I condescended to call falsehood to my aid, and stammered out, that my love of romantic scenery had led me to a spot abounding with such beautiful picturesque views. He misunderstood my confusion, and placing his hand on my shoulder, said, "and why should you hesitate to avow this, my friend, the exercise of such a talent as you possess reflects no disgrace; you have the opportunity of combining pleasure with profit, and illiberal indeed must he be who would attempt to stigmatize an art so enviable, so delightful." This delicacy of sentiment charmed me, and had the length of our journey admitted of the disclosure, I should, I really believe, have unbosomed myself to him without reserve; luckily I was prevented by the carriage stopping at the chateau. I believe I turned pale, for my companion made me take his arm, and led me into an apartment where sat Josephine, with an infant in her arms: she no sooner beheld me than a deathlike paleness overspread her features, and she sunk fainting into her husband's arms; I stood like one petrified, an attendant took the babe, and Monsieur P——, turning to me, apologised for this strange reception. "I am afraid my Josephine has fatigued herself by sitting up too long; she is but just recovered of her confinement, but she will soon get strength I hope." Madame P—— at that moment revived, and leaning on her attendant, quitted the room. I saw that her husband was wholly ignorant of our acquaintance, and I am not sorry to find that Josephine has her secret, as it lessens my opinion of her attachment to him. Accustomed now to the sight of me, she betrays no particular emotion in my presence, and Monsieur P—— has taken it into his head to be so fond of me

that we are inseparable companions. And do I meditate to injure this man? It is a question I dare scarcely ask myself. Do not write to me; for the first time in my life I dread to hear from you. So strange is the present state of my feelings, that reproof would but aggravate me, and admonition would be disregarded; I will not resolve upon any thing, but blindly follow my destiny. Pity if you can, but do not reproach, the unhappy
ST. AUBIN.

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LETTER VIII.

MONTALEMBERT TO ST. AUBIN.

June 12,

WHAT! shall I heed the ravings of a frantic boy? Forbid it honour, forbid it reason. St. Aubin, mark my words, and if it is not too late, fly from a spot so replete with peril; shame and remorse attend your footsteps if you persist in your vile purpose; rouse every noble faculty of your soul, and be again the friend of my heart. This is but a transient delirium, believe me; seek not to palliate the enormity of your crime by misnaming it destiny; it is a subterfuge too mean, too pitiful; but I have no time for railing, I snatch a moment from my own domestic joys to warn a friend, once loved; his sorrows always claim my pity, his weaknesses my pardon, but his determined villany can excite only the abhorrence of

MONTALEMBERT.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A MORAL SENTIMENT.

Nothing sooner leads to despondency, than hope improperly indulged.—Real friendship can never exist among those whose actions have banished virtue and truth. The sentiments and inclinations of a well-educated person may in some measure be compared to a tree, whose branches have been pruned and trimmed by an expert gardener, and which retains in its growth and appearance ever after an air of symmetry and proportion.

ON THE CONTEMPLATION

OF THE

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

To the mind of that man, who possesses any noble or generous feelings, who is capable of receiving any impressions of taste or sublimity, the objects of nature will ever be pleasing, and ever new. Experience has shewn, that it is in the contemplation of these, that the mind is enabled to receive a tranquillity, and a repose, unattainable by any other sublunary pursuit. The heart, wrung with sorrow, and with grief, looks on the loveliness of nature, and is soothed by the contemplation; while the eye of joy delights with redoubled rapture as it beholds the "gay enamelled scenes," which continually present themselves. The painter and the poet gaze on them with an exquisiteness of feeling, inconceivable by those unacquainted with either of these arts. The former charmed by the due and beautiful arrangement of light, and shade, and color, lays up materials for the exercise of his art; while the latter catches the fleeting tints of the ocean, earth, and sky, the murmur of the rill, or the roar of the waters, the calmness of a summer's eve, or the terrific grandeur of nature, when the sky is enveloped in clouds, and the ocean swept with tempests; in order to deck his glowing verse with images of beauty and sublimity. Indeed, no man can be a poet unless he is able to discriminate the beauties of the natural world; no man can describe in verse, what his heart does not feel; what his imagination cannot realize. In the best poets, we see a strength and dignity, as well as a purity and truth, in their descriptions of nature, which bring them home to the heart, and almost makes us fancy that those scenes are present. The charms of nature, when adorned and embellished by the graces of song, never fail of exerting a most powerful influence on the human mind. The majestic descriptions of *Milton*, who seems to have studied nature in all her varie-

ties; to have followed her to her wild-ests retreats, and her most romantic glens, convey to the mind a feeling of rapturous pleasure. The picturesque images that the author of the *Seasons* has formed, prove at once the nice discernment of his taste; the accuracy of his mind, and the powers of his poetry. For drawing scenes of innocence and simplicity, *Cowper* stands "unrivalled and alone." In latter days *Montgomery* has followed his footsteps, in the beautiful descriptions that every where abound in his poems. Thus have we burning and unfading examples of the powers of harmony combined with those of nature.

Alexis was the descendant of a long line of illustrious ancestry, famous for their achievements, and rich in warlike renown; but which like many others, had shared the vicissitudes of fortune, and been reduced to infamy and want. His mind possessed all those noble and engaging qualities, which draw the immediate admiration of the observer.—Naturally fond of contemplating the romantic scenes of his native country, when want drove him from the halls of his sires, he sought amid their glens a relief from his sorrows. For some time, all was

— beautiful, for all was new;

The lark's "shrill carol," the merry pipe of the shepherd, the murmuring of the rills, and the music of the groves, filled him with rapture. But after a while his soul became satiated; his mind reverted to his former affluence, and he gazed on the beauties of nature with a sickly and a discontented eye.

No more "he trac'd the uplands, to survey
"When o'er the sky advanc'd the kindling dawn,

"The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,

"And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky lawn;

"Far to the west, the long, long vale with-drawn,

"Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
No more "he faintly kens the bounding fawn,

"And villager abroad at morning toil."

BEAUTIES' MINSTREL.

The noise of the waterfall, and the sigh of the breeze, fell monotonously upon his ear; and he prepared to quit these scenes of beauty and of joy, to find in novelty a cure for his disquietude. As he passed a glen, unvisited before, surrounded by the most romantic scenery that can be imagined, he heard the faint warblings of a lyre. Curiosity prompted him to discover whence it proceeded; and at length he traced it to a beautiful grotto, in which was seated an old man of venerable appearance, playing on the instrument. As *Alexis* approached, the old man rose, and inviting him to a mossy seat, thus spoke to him;—" *Alexis*, (for I am acquainted both with thy fortune and thy name) I have for a long time watched thy progress in these blissful scenes. I have beheld you, with a breast glowing with the rich images of a youthful imagination, seeking enjoyment in the contemplation of nature. I have seen you chasing the painted butterfly of happiness, and when you thought you had it in your grasp, found its beauty withered, and its lustre decayed. You hoped to find in the bare contemplation of nature unfading happiness; but when you had visited those scenes again and again, you grew palled with the repetition, and your mind reverted to the former scenes of your affluence and grandeur. But no;—

"— a different doom the fates assign."
GRAY.

You shall never tread again the dwelling of your ancestors;—you must seek enjoyment in a more humble sphere.— You are sickened with the beauties of nature; but you have gazed on them only with a passing look; again descend into the vales, again climb the craggy cliff. Look upon them as parts of the great system of creation, and learn to read the Maker of heaven and earth in all his wonderful works. Enquire into the attributes and the properties of the objects around; so shall your mind be elevated, by being more nearly assimilated to the divine essence; so shall the charm of novelty ever pre-

sent itself, and your soul never be disgusted with repetition. Court the muses to wander with you through every woodland glade and flowery mead; let virtue lead your footsteps, and prudence and contentment be your companions. So shall you live a happy life, and at last seek the fellowship of the blessed." As he spoke, the countenance of the old man glowed with resplendent glory; his hoary locks were turned to ringlets of the brightest auburn; his form changed from the decrepitude of age to the beauty, symmetry, and the vigor of youth. *Alexis* was struck with astonishment; but the stranger continued—" Wonder not, O son of man, at my appearance; Allah hath sent me to warn you of your danger, I am the genius of these glades and glens; follow my advice, and I shall watch and guide thy path. Farewell." The genius vanished into air; and *Alexis*, when he had recovered from his astonishment, returned to the scenes of nature with a renovated heart, and a renewed relish. The days now passed in pleasure and in joy; unruffled, undisturbed; and calm as the still and silent rivulet that wandered at his feet.

Let us draw an instructive lesson from the story of *Alexis*, however feeble the narration; and exclaim with *Beattie*,

"Let vanity adorn the marble tomb
"With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons
of renown,
"In the deep dungeon of some Gothic
dome,
"Where night and desolation ever frown.
"Mine be a breezy hill that skirts the down
"Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
"With here and there a violet bestrown,
"Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring
wave:
"And many an evening sun, shine sweetly
on my grave."

From the Academic Recreations.

No religion can be true, that has not the well being of mankind equally for its object.

HISTORY OF AMELIA.

PASSING lately through the streets of a populous town, in one of the central counties of England, my attention was arrested by a distrest object, who earnestly solicited charity, and whose intellects I afterwards found to be impaired. The polished symmetry of her shape, together with something indescribably interesting in her air, told she had seen better days, and once possessed very superior attractions. Having bestowed on her the scanty pittance her disturbed and restless imagination prompted her to demand, I departed loaded with her benedictions and incoherent promises of everlasting bliss, which she assured me I should share with her. Her melancholy and distressed appearance interested me greatly, and determined me to endeavor to procure further particulars respecting her unhappy fate. The succeeding tale is the result of my enquiries: her real name I shall beg leave to conceal under the fictitious one of Amelia.

She was born of humble but respectable parents, who inhabited a small neat cottage, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Loire. Gay as the matin lark, and innocent as the lamb that gambolled by her side, eighteen years passed amidst the enchanting variety of rural occupations, and rolled unheeded and happy over the head of the lovely Amelia. Each traveller suspended his step in mute admiration of her blushing charms, while like an airy nymph she glided by; and each honest rustic forgot the weary labours of his farm, as he hung in fixt attention on her sweet "wood-notes wild."

Gladly would the handsomest village swain have shared the fortune of the charming cottager, and happy had it been for her had she never been allured by the delusive glare of rank and wealth, from the peaceful and innocent pleasures of rustic life. Eighteen winters had sped away, and the nineteenth summer's sun beheld the beauties of Amelia every day ripening into greater perfection; when fortune, in an ill-fated

hour, brought the gay, handsome, and gallant Captain Henry —, together with his regiment into the neighborhood. Riding one day up the valley in which Amelia's parents resided, he espied her drawing water from a spring. Struck with the elegance of her form, and the loveliness of her person, the enamoured officer, observing her enter the house, followed her; and gaining admittance on pretence of having lost his way, received directions as to the road, together with warm invitations to partake of the best their humble cottage afforded. The Captain, fatigued with his ride, and oppressed with the sultry heat of the day, accepted their invitations with joy. With an unblushing countenance he repeated his visits, and without the slightest remorse, formed plans for the seduction of his benefactor's daughter.

Well versed in all the specious but delusive arts of elegant licentiousness, and acquainted with the various movements of the female mind, the subtle soldier soon perceived his insinuating attentions were not received with indifference by the lovely Amelia. It is needless to detail the various means by which the unsuspecting girl was betrayed; suffice it to say, her virtue was not proof against his arts. The vile author of her ruin soon after rejoined his regiment, sent Amelia an insulting letter, in which he advised her to marry some ignorant rustic, who was unacquainted with her failings, and informed her, they must meet no more.

Unable to sustain this accumulated load of misery, the unfortunate victim sunk into a stupor, followed by a raging fever, which terminated in a total subversion of her mental powers. She now wanders about the streets, (neglected by her former acquaintance, and far from any of her relations, if any survive,) calling on her Henry, and looking forward to the grave as the only relief for her complicated distress; where (to use the language of the immortal Caledonian bard,) "may the turf lie lightly on her bones:" and whence, though her soul has been long beclouded

with a thickening atmosphere of evil imagination and gloomy presages, may she rise full of immortal vigour, and receive an abundant reward for her sorrows here, in an eternity of bliss.

THE DUELLISTS.

From the Travels of HUMANIAS.

WHILE steadily pursuing his way, Humanias was one morning suddenly alarmed by the accents of grief from an adjoining wood. He instantly hastened to learn the cause, and presently discovered a group of persons, immediately approaching them. On the ground lay a youth, from a wound, in whose heart the blood copiously flowed. Kneeling over him, and supporting his head, was another youth, who with looks aghast, watched in silence, every motion of the former; while two persons were busy in rendering assistance, too apparently unavailing. At their feet also, lay two weapons; one of which bespoke its fatal use. "Ah, my friend!" said the fallen youth, with scarcely strength to articulate; "forgive me! thy surviving sorrow will far exceed the pangs of a few moments. It was my own folly that brought me to this end; tell your sister I have proved myself unworthy of her love, in thus having sought her brother's life. Yet, bid her remember me with pity! and you; ah, I can say no more; the world fades from my sight! forgive me, my friend!" So saying, he drooped his head in eternal silence.

"Ah, wretched, yet beloved youth!" said the other, interrupted with sobs; "why didst thou force me to this fatal act? to-morrow would have made thee a brother: ah, what joys didst thou promise thyself on to-morrow! to-morrow, my sister will rise in bridal ornaments to accompany thee to the altar! but what a tale will she hear to-morrow! Fled are her hopes! and, instead of thee, unhappy youth! her bridegroom will be *Despair*. And I, ah! how shall I ever meet her look? the person of her

brother will give to her abhorring sight the murderer of her lover."

"Alas!" said Humanias, deeply participating in his grief, "whence could originate this sad catastrophe?"

"From our infancy we were friends," answered he, "but an unguarded expression of mine, just now, in company, aroused his impetuous temper. He insisted upon my immediately asking his pardon before the parties, and, oh that I had! but restrained by *pride*, I refused. Inflamed with wine and anger, he struck me: I returned the blow: on which he insisted upon instant satisfaction; I obeyed, and there, alas! you behold the dreadful effects. There, alas! he lies, cut off while the sun yet shone upon his youth, at once from pleasure, happiness, and hope." His companions now taking him by the arm, urged the necessity of quitting the fatal spot; while he, careless whither they might conduct him, cast many a sorrowful look at the pale corpse of his friend. Humanias also, lamenting the melancholy effects of youthful indiscretion, quitted the place, and again pursued his journey.

ON MUSIC.

OF all the pleasures of this world, Music is certainly the sweetest; for harmony not only charms the ear, but has an influence even over the mind itself. Saul, in the fits with which he was agitated, found, it is well known, a ready, and efficacious remedy, in the sounds which David produced from his harp. We also read, that under the reign of Eric, King of Denmark, an able musician appeared at his court, who pretended that by the sounds of his instrument, he could inspire him with whatever passion he pleased. This prince wished to try the experiment, and ordered him to play an air that should inspire rage. The musician obeyed, after having requested the king to lay by his sword. But this prince had scarcely begun to pay attention to his music, when he was excited to such a pitch

of fury, that quitting the room, he fell upon one of his guards, and snatching his sword from him, wounded several persons, and would have killed the performer himself, if, by a very visible movement of the king's, he had not foreseen the effect of his music. Whether this was caused by any power of magic, I know not; but it is very certain, that when we hear a fine piece of vocal music, with a delicate accompaniment, we feel transported with certain emotions, which do not a little resemble the passion which the music endeavors to express. In short, music is the only one of all our pleasures which we have presumed to place in heaven. It holds a conspicuous rank in the pompous descriptions which are given of the joys of another world, which would be thought imperfect without the concerts which the angels and the elect are to perform in chaunting the praises of the Almighty.

VARIETY.

HONOUR AMONG THIEVES.

Carun Khan, the late Emperor of Persia, who died 1779, was raised to the Persic throne from a mean family, and from the rank of a common soldier. Though illiterate, he was famous for the justice and practical good sense of his administration. It is related in Macolm's history of Persia, that his majesty used to rehearse to his company the following curious piece of self-biography: "When I was a poor soldier," he often said, "in Nadir Shah's camp, my necessity led me to steal, from a saddler, a gold embossed saddle, which had been sent by an Asghan Chief, to be repaired. I soon afterwards learnt that the man, from whom it was taken, was in prison, and sentenced to be hung. My conscience smote me, and I replaced the saddle exactly on the place from which I took it. I waited till it was discovered to the saddler's wife, who, on seeing it, gave a scream of joy, fell down upon her knees, and prayed aloud, that the person who brought it

back might live to have an hundred gold embossed saddles. I am quite certain, he added, smiling, that the honest prayer of the old woman, has aided my fortune in the attainment of that splendor which she desired I should enjoy."

THE LOVERS' ROCK.

The King of Granada, in his wars with the Christians, took a Spanish gentleman prisoner, who for beauty, elegance, politeness, and address, was so superior to the rest of the human species, that the king had no sooner seen him, than he became his friend, gave him his liberty, loaded him with favors, lodged him in his court. The rumour of his perfections reaching the ears of the princess his daughter, her curiosity was naturally exalted to see the wonderful man. As the princess was uncommonly beautiful, and gifted with innumerable endowments, it was impossible for such excellencies not to attract each other. This lovely pair soon became enamoured; pledged their faith and endeavored to escape to some part of the country in the possession of the Christians; where they might enjoy the happiness they anticipated in full security. In short, they fled from Granada in the night; and though love and fear have wings, yet rage and resentment unfortunately outstripped them. They were soon overtaken by a party of the king's horse, and had no other means of avoiding being made prisoners, and suffering the greatest torments, but by climbing up an excessive steep rock; where tenderly embracing, they flung themselves down the precipice, locked in each others arms, and expired together. From this extraordinary catastrophe, the place (which is between Loya and Antequera) has obtained the name of *La Pena de los Enamorados*; or, the Lovers' Rock.

It may afford some encouragement to a mind in distress to remember, that the narrowest part of a defile is often nearest the open field.

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

To retract from an evil design, not only shews wisdom, but that a man is master of his passions and humours; whereas, some men are so resolutely bigotted to their judgments and opinions, that if once they engage in any particular scheme, they will pursue it, however opposed by self-reproaches and inconveniences.—A person, having been at a gaming house, and lost all his money and estate, grew desperate, and determined to hang himself on the first convenient sign-post he came to. Coming to a proper place, he fixed his garters, and was preparing for execution, when, on a sudden, a merry thought came into his head, which diverted him from his purpose, and he went away, saying, "I reprieve thee from day to day, till thou diest a natural death."

ON SUDDEN DEATH.

Cæsar being one day asked, what death he thought the easiest? replied "the most sudden and unforeseen." Certainly if death were to have nothing to follow it, this opinion would be a just one; but as our usual negligence in every thing that can contribute to our salvation is extreme, and a man is seldom in a perfect state to appear before his Maker with a conscience void of reproach, it is a matter of extreme danger to be taken by surprise, by a sudden death. It is astonishing to see us reflect so little on the uncertainty of life, and on the frequent examples we see of premature and unexpected dissolution. Appius was choaked by eating a fresh egg; Laurent Valle died drinking a goblet of mead; young Henry of Castile was killed by a tile which fell on his head while he was playing at ball; Baldi, the famous lawyer, died by the bite of his little dog; the Emperor Lucius, and King Demetrius, were killed by horses; the father of Cæsar was killed while putting on his buskins; Frederick, the father of the Emperor Maximilian, died by eating a melon too eagerly; Dionysius, King of Sicily, died of joy; John Basilowitz, Czar of Muscovy, was prevented by death from

finishing a game of chess; & Margutus died of a fit of laughter, at seeing his monkey putting on his boots. These incidents should convince us of our weakness, and that the least trifle may deprive us of life; and at the same time remind us, our greatest care in this world should be, that of putting ourselves in such a state as we may quit it without fear, whenever it may please God to call us.

Inscription placed upon the Crown of a King of Asia.

Brother, the world remains not to any of its inhabitants; the mind ought therefore to be devoted to Him who created it. Reckon not upon the goods of this world, for they have nourished and destroyed other beings like thyself. Since life is only a passage, of what consequence is it to him who is on the point of losing it, whether he dies on a throne, or on a bed of straw?

THE WELL FED PRIEST.

A priest used to eat ten pounds of bread per day; after supper he began to pray, and passed the night in prayer. A wit heard of him, and said, it would be better that this man slept like others and eat less. *Vacuis sapientia, &c.* "When the body is too full, the head is empty."

USELESS MORALITY.

A young man said to his father, "The eloquence of men who preach morality does not seduce me, because I perceive that but very few do the good which they command others to do." *Wise is the man who does well, and not he whose practice but ill accords with his precepts.*

ON PREJUDICE.

Prejudiced people, though they are convinced, are not converted; they are silenced, but not satisfied; they marvel, but believe not; are full of admiration, but are far from faith. The evidence of the fact and the plainness of the demonstration, may influence them for the present, but will not operate on the hardness of their hearts.

Seat of the Muses.

From the SPANISH of MELENDEZ.

O'er yonder vale, industrious BEE
No longer range on busy wing;
Nor for your golden treasure spoil
The blooming *Children of the Spring*.

No more, when o'er the smiling world
The sun his early radiance throws,
Extract the pearly tears of morn
That fill the calyx of the *rose*.

Let the soft *lily's* virgin pride
To dread your pilf'ring kisses cease,
And let the whiter *orange flower*
Breathe its ambrosial sweets in peace.

And let the blushing *pink* unspoil'd
Guard for the fair its rich perfume,
That beauty's breast may show more white
Contrasted with the living bloom.

But on my Laura's budding lips
Alight with murmurs soft and still;
Ah! there your restless wing compose,
And rob their luscious sweets at will.

MARY.

COLD blows the wind, the rain beats fast
On Mary's faded form,
But she, tho' piercing is the blast,
Feels not the raging storm.

Sorrowing, yon yew trees shade, beneath
She bends her feeble frame,
And contemplates the power of death,
And calls on Edwards' name.

But, ah! no more with fond delight,
His charms shall meet her eye,
For there involv'd in endless night,
His sacred reliques lie.

Borne to the mansion of the blest,—
As toll'd his hapless knell,
The joys of life forsook her breast,
To peace she bade farewell!

To reason lost, (though tempest rave,)
Each night she owns her pain;
With tears bedews her lover's grave,
Yet weeps, alas! in vain.

GENIUS AND OPPRESSION.

History furnishes innumerable instances of the exercise of genius under misfortune. The following affecting lines were composed by *Trudaine de la Sabliere*, the younger, who perished during the French Revolution in 1793. They were found written upon the walls of his prison, and afterwards translated into English.

THE dying flow'r, as soft the summer gale
Flits o'er her languid head, thus seems to
mourn—

Ah! why sweet zephyr! dost thou bid me
hail

With wonted joy thy glad return?

Alas! no more

The balmy kisses of thy gentle breath
These with'ring leaves to beauty shall
restore—

I fade, I droop in death!

In vain the rosy dawn with crystal tear

Impearls my falt'ring stem;

In vain the dew-drop scatters here

The radiant lustre of its twinkling gem:

The frowning tempest blackens in the sky,

And rudely gath'ring round,

With hideous storm and whirlwind high

Shall sweep me to the ground!

The pensive traveller as he roams to-
morrow,

Where late my fragile blossoms grew,
Will seek their well-known charms—oh
fruitless sorrow!

The silent dust shall hide me from his
view.

On the Death of ROBERT TANNIHILL,
the Refrenshire Bard—a young man, who
through intense study, became deranged
in his mind, and drowned himself in the
new canal which runs through Paisley.

THE Genius of Scotia while silently mourn-
ing,

And numb'ring the minstrels she foster'd
of yore;

With cypress and laurel the lute was adorn-
ing,

Of the Bard of her bosom who cheer'd
her no more.

The beauties of Nature with rapture inspir'd
him,

The muse was his mentor, unaided by art;

Ere ripen'd to manhood, tho' virtue had fir'd
him,
The venom of sorrow deep rended his
heart.

He fell like a flow'et transcendently bloom-
ing ;
Unheeded, uncultur'd in Flora's bright
train :
That met the dank mildew which marr'd its
perfuming,
Disrob'd it of beauty, and shorten'd its
reign.

To lofty Ben Homand and smiling Gleniffer*
His lustre shall blossom with fame's latest
trill ;
The muse of the lowlands shall burthen the
zephyr,
With sighs of regret for her bard—TAN-
NILL.

* Two beautifully descriptive poems, so
denominated.

TO MELANCHOLY.

WHEN wintry tempests agitate the deep,
On some lone rock I love to lie reclin'd,
And view the sea-birds on wild pinions
sweep,
And list the roaring of the stormy wind ;

That, rushing through the caves, with hol-
low sound,

Seems like the voices of those viewless
forms,

That, wrapp'd in gloomy grandeur, hover
round,

Directing, in their course, the rolling
storms.

Then, Melancholy ! thy soft power I feel,
For thy dread influence reigns o'er all the
scene ;

Then o'er my heart thy "mystic transports"
steal,

And, from each trifling thought, my bo-
som wean.

The raptur'd spirit soars on wing sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of space and
time.

LOVE AND HYMEN.

Addressed to a Lady.

STUDY, dear girl, to keep the heart

Your beauty may ensnare ;

Conquest is but the smallest part ;

To fix, should be your care.

Neglect soon rusts the charms of love,

Attention keeps them bright ;

And mental charms more lasting prove

Than those which please the sight.

Trust not to fashion, form or face,

Your empire to maintain,

Time will too soon their power displace,

And make such triumph vain.

But sense and virtue reign supreme,

And fix the roving mind ;

For, trust me, Hymen's eyes are keen,

Though Love is painted blind.

TO A DEW-DROP.

SOFT dew-drop, glitt'ring on the spray,

O'er which the sportive breezes fly,

Ah ! little brilliant trembler, say,

Art thou a tear from morning's eye ?

Weep, lovely gem, 'till noon's hot beam

Expands thy sparkling form to air,

My woes shall be thy tender theme,

My love—my anguish—my despair.

SONG.

WHERE the Ouse murmurs sweet through
the vale,

The beauties of Nature unfold,

And, fann'd by the soft, vernal gale,

They open their bosoms of gold.

On the banks of that clear, winding stream

I wander with vernal delight,

And give my fond fancy to dream,

Or sing of my charmer so bright.

Young Daphne, that sports o'er the green,

O, she is the maid of my heart !

How sweet and engaging her mien !

It grieves me whenever we part.

No lily or rose of the grove

Can compare with my favourite maid ;

The shepherds all envy my love,

And say all those beauties must fade.

But, ah ! what is envy to me,

Who alone such a treasure possess !

The mind sure contented must be,

That loves, and is lov'd to excess !

NEW-YORK,
SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1817.

Intelligence.

Late accounts from France, give a deplorable picture of that country—that such was the scarcity of food, that “thousands & thousands were reduced to eat grass and roots, procured by digging the fields and woods; women and children are found dead, for want of food. Switzerland and Savoy are said to be in no better condition.”

However, later accounts from Europe say, that the prospects of the coming harvest had brightened very much both in England and France.

Three hundred houses have been destroyed by fire in the town of Sourgeres, in France.

Emigration—In Niles' Register of Saturday last, is published an account of the number of emigrants who have arrived in the United States, for two weeks preceding the 1st inst. by which it appears that the total number is 2232. Of these 1415 have arrived from Great-Britain; 326 from Germany and Switzerland, and 31 from France.

The above number is supposed to be about five-sixths of all who have arrived in a fortnight. More it is presumed have arrived in the two weeks following.

The Boston Daily Advertiser of August 4 says, “We have received Halifax papers to July 22. More than a thousand emigrants had arrived there during the month of July, from Great-Britain and Ireland, and many more were expected. It does not appear that any provision had been made by government for their settlement in the province.

It will be seen by the Quebec list of arrivals that, 1148 settlers arrived at that place between the 14th and 23d ult. from different parts of the United Kingdom.

Considerable numbers have also arrived at St. John, N. B.

Suicide.—We are just informed, that the inhuman wretch, who last week took such horrid revenge of his wife as to tear her nose from her face with his teeth and disfigure her for life, finished the tragedy on Tuesday night, by hanging himself, and thus saving the gallows the disgrace of his execution.—*E. Post.*

The body of a new-born infant was found last Wednesday morning, in Skinner-street. The coroner's jury, without hesitation, brought in a verdict of wilful murder by some person or persons unknown.

His excellency John Quincy Adams, late Ambassador and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, (and recently appointed Secretary of State of the United States) and his Lady and family, arrived here on Wednesday morning, all in good health, on board the ship Washington, capt. Forman, from London, and 42 days from Cowes.

The British frigate Inconstant, Com. Sir James L. Yeo, arrived at the Quarantine Ground on Wednesday evening, in 15 days from Kingston, Jamaica, via Havanna, 7 days from the latter place, having on board \$2,255,000—405,000 of which are for the U. States Bank, 50,000 for individuals, and the residue for England.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR

Holds out like the widow's cruise, much to the comfort and ease of all printers of newspapers. This seasonable event has been our only support for a long time—foreign news uninteresting—no compensation law—nor comets or eclipses—no spots on the sun—bugs and cut-worms gone the way of all flesh—our pigeon holes empty—our only resource seemed to be Riley's Travels, Warden's Letters, riddles, or recipes for the cure of corns, chilblains, and the hydrophobia.

But the movements of the President have relieved our wants and apprehensions—the details, which, as in duty bound, we have endeavored to copy, form a large quantity of very pleasant

summer reading ; half a dozen solid columns of it at a sitting during Dog-days are as agreeable to the taste as a fresh cauliflower to the mouth of a hungry ox ; it is perfectly salutary & safe for all ages and sexes, for it excites no violent emotions, neither convulsions nor swoonings ; it is true it is sometimes " affecting," but it is never distressing ; in this respect it is much superior to the fictions of Romances and Novels, for in the perusal of these the eye sight will sometimes be clouded by tears and sighs of sympathy cannot always be suppressed.

But these agreeable details present nothing but the extacy of the bliss of the political Millenium and the era of good feelings. To the peaceable and the pious it must be truly delightful to trace in the effusions " the good feelings of a whole people"—to see indifference improving into attention, attention growing up into confidence begetting true love and pure affection. We sincerely wish the President every pleasure on the remainder of his tour, and doubt not of his enjoying, among other good things, many a good hearty laugh—in his sleeve.—*Salem Gazette.*

—+—+—

Some casualties (says the Richmond Compiler) having happened this hot season, in consequence of certain irregularities in drink and diet, it is respectfully recommended to take the following precautions :—

1. Beware of giving your children too much food at a time, when the digestive powers of the stomach are so much enfeebled by the weather.

2. Beware particularly of giving children too many cherries, apples, cucumbers, &c.

3. You ought to be very careful in the use of ice or cold water, when you have remained long in the sun, and the body is considerably heated. We are all disposed on these occasions to rush to the ice water to satiate our thirst. Beware ! the draught may prove fatal.—When heated, never eat ice, or drink cold water, until you have reduced the temperature of your body. Take some

cool water first in your mouth, and rinse it 2 or 3 times—or, wash your face and hands with it—or patiently wait until you have cooled yourself.

4. To boys we particularly recommend it to be temperate in the use of the cold bath—not to bathe in the river too long, nor in the hottest time of the day.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr. Feltus, Mr. Laning Ferris, to Miss Cordelia Bennet, daughter of capt. Job Bennet, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Schaeffer, Mr. Graham Klinch, printer, of this city, to Miss Ann Hooghkerk, of Albany.

By the rev. Dr. Mallott, Mr. Henry Palmer, merchant, to Miss Harriet Golon Larue, daughter of Ls. Larue, esq.

By the rev. Mr. M'Clay, Mr. George Paulding, of this city, to Miss Abigail Brewer, of Middletown, N. J.

OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 56 persons, in this city, during the week ending the 2d inst.

DIED

After a short and severe illness, Mr. John Post, aged 77, an old and highly respectable inhabitant of this city.

Mr Israel G. Hedden, aged 28.

Mrs. Susannah Sterling, aged 76.

After a long and painful illness, which she bore with christian fortitude and resignation, Mrs. Eliza Gallaher, consort of Mr. William Gallaher.

Mr. Samuel Treat, aged 18.

Miss Eliza M^{rs} Michael.

At Balston Springs, Rev John Bowden, D. D. Professor of Belles Lettres in Columbian College.

At Newark, (N. J.) on Sabbath morning, Mrs. Esther Morris, wife of capt. John Morris, of New-York. She bore her declining state of health with great resignation to the divine will. Her hopes of heaven were so bright as to disarm death of his sting. In the triumph of faith, she could long to depart and be with Christ which was far better ; and death was to her rather a messenger of peace than otherwise. Anticipating a speedy release from this pilgrimage state, she had her shroud prepared—and gave other directions relative to her funeral, with perfect composure and resignation.

OF THE CROCODILES.

—
Concluded from our last.
—

Whatever may be the deformity of the beings which we call monsters, if we consider them individually, we may discover in their horrible figures some marks of divine goodness. Has a crocodile or a serpent less affection for her young than a nightingale or a dove? The instinct, or the understanding, of animals varies, but the feeling is alike in every species. Is it not a contrast equally wonderful and pleasing, to behold this crocodile building a nest and laying an egg like a hen, and a little monster issuing from that egg like a chicken?

And what solicitude for her family does not the female crocodile display? She walks her rounds among the nests of her sisters, forming cones of eggs and of clay, and ranged like the tents of a camp on the bank of a river. The Amazon keeps a vigilant guard, and leaves the fires of day to operate; for if the delicate tenderness of the mother is, as it were, represented in the egg of the crocodile, the strength and the manners of that powerful animal are denoted by the sun which hatches that egg, and by the mud which serves them for ferment. As soon as one of the broods is hatched, the female takes the young monsters under her protection; they are not always her own children, but she thus serves an apprenticeship to maternal cares, and makes her dexterity equal to her future tenderness. When her family, at length, burst from their confinement, she conducts them to the river, she washes them in pure water, she teaches them to swim, she catches small fishes for them, and protects them from the males, by whom otherwise they would frequently be devoured. A Spaniard of Florida related to us, that, having taken the brood of a crocodile, which he ordered some negroes to carry away in a basket, the female followed him, making pitiful lamentations. Two of the young were placed upon the ground; the mother

immediately began to push them with her paws and with her snout; sometimes posting herself behind to defend them, sometimes walking before to show them the way. The young animals crawled, groaning, in the footsteps of their mother; and this enormous reptile, which used to shake the shores with her bellowing, then made a kind of bleating noise, as gentle as that of a goat suckling her kids.

The rattlesnake vies with the crocodile in maternal affection; this superb reptile, which, as it is never the first to attack, gives a lesson of generosity to man, likewise presents to him a pattern of tenderness. When her offspring are pursued, she receives them into her mouth; dissatisfied with every other place of concealment, she hides them within herself, concluding that no asylum can be safer for her progeny than the bosom of a mother. A perfect example of sublime love, she refuses to survive the loss of her young; for it is impossible to deprive her of them without tearing out her entrails.

For washing chintz, so as to preserve its gloss and beauty.

Take two pounds of rice and boil it in two gallons of water till soft; when done, pour the whole into a tub; let it stand till about the warmth you in general use for coloured linens; then put your chintz in, and use the rice instead of soap; wash it in this, till the dirt appears to be out; then boil the same quantity as above, but strain the rice from the water, and mix it in warm clear water. Wash in this till quite clean; afterwards rinse it in the water you have boiled your rice in, and this will answer the end of starch, and no dew will affect it, as it will be stiff as long as you wear it. If a gown, it must be taken to pieces; and when dried, be careful to hang it as smooth as possible;—after it is dry, rub it with a sleek stone, but use no iron.

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